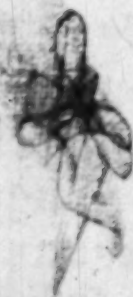


Ere begynneth of seint margarete
The blissid lif that is so swete
To Ihu cryste she is fulle dere
 If ye wyll listyne ye shall here
 Berkenyt he now vnto my spelle
 Of hir lyf I wyll you telle
 Olde and yonge that herz be
 Listyn a whyle vnto me
 What I shall to you say
 How it be felle vpon a day
 Of a virgyn fayre and swete
 Whos name was margarete
 Hyr fader was a noble clerke
 And a man that coude myche werke
 Also a pryncce of hyghe degre
 There myght no where no bettre be
 In antioche he had a wyf
 Bothe were hethyne all there lyf
 He was a man of gret power
 And all the land gouernour
 Fak was of hys lay
 Agens god bothe nyght and day
 Theodocius was hys name
 Anoble man of gret fame
 He had vnderstondinge ynge before



That he shuld haue a doughtyr borne
As the scripture hadde hym tolde
And Whanne that she weped olde
That she shuld crystined be
And beloue vpon the troyte
A nyght god that vs dere bought
And althys worlde made of nought
Hyr fader comandise longe be forne
That anon as she were borne
That to sethe she shulde be brought
In what wyse he ne rough
But hyre modere that hyr sare
Made for hyre ful moche care
And be thought hyre be forne
That anon as she was borne
In to arpe she it sente.

The messingere wythe hyre furthe wente
To a nozice that dwellyd there
For to putte hyre for to lere
And he toke wythe hym spendynge
For to kepe that mayden ynge
And she hyre kept there in bede
And nozysshed hyr in that nede
She weped fayre and comly of chere
And of coloure fayre and clere



He sayd if thou be bozne iue
Forsothe my leman shalt thou be
I wolke haue the to my wyf
And leue in iope al thy lyf
Gold and ryches I wyl the geue
At the wyhle thou mayste leue
She sayd to hym anon than
I wylle haue non ert hely man
But for the loue of ihesu a lone
I wyl be baptiste at the fonte stone
Forsothe I wyl hym ueu yr for sake
For non ert hely man to take
Then anon to hyr he seyde
We dyd ihesu criste to dede
And dyd hym strepne wypon a rode
Tyl he swet bothe watyr and blode
And crowned hym wyth a crowne of thorn
If thou beleue on hym thou art forloyn
To hym she seyde anon ryght
Syr he ys a man of myght
For we shuld haue hym in mynde
That dyed on crosse for al mankynde
He rose from dethe and to helle went
The fendes polwer for to shent
And many soules fet oute there

Thus my lady carterpion's pryncesse
tho she had to do with

That loe . . . My paynfull ere
To stryfe wth the her he found no boot
But dyd her bynde hand and foot
And heste h^{er} in pryson stronge
For to ouercome h^{er} wth the wronge
Mayde margaret all that nyght
In pryson lay wth the myche d^{ur} nyght
On the morow the sothe to say
He sent for h^{er} w^{hen} it was day
They brought h^{er} be fore olibrius
And vnto h^{er} he sayde thus
Margaret beleue vpon my soze
Or I shall greue the ful soze
Thy goddys that thow doste on beleue
Shall not saue the from my greue
Crow on me and be my wyf
And leue in ioy all thy lyf
All antioche and all arye
Aftyr my dethe I geue it the
Sylke and golde purpul & passe
And I wyll the wedde in tempp^l ryall
Welle furred wth the ryche ermyne
In all thys worlde is none so fyne
And ihesu criste put oute of thy thoughe
May she saye that wyll I nought

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Handwritten text in a medieval script, likely Latin, running vertically along the left margin. The text is partially obscured by the binding of the book.



John Joseph

Robert C. Smith

Ihesu Wylle I neuer forsake
For all that ys in erthe ymake
Olybrius sayde it Wylle besene sone
What thy goddes Wylle for the done
He had hys sergiantes I vnderstond
Take and bind hys foot and hand
They bete hys bothe man and wyf
And faste wythe hys gan they stryf
Tyll the rede bloode felle adoune
To the foot from the crowne
Tyll they wend she had bene dede
So faste on hys they leyde
Then seyde olybrius there he stode
Margaret thynkiste thou thyss good
Beleue on my lord & be my wyf
And I Wylle no more wythe the stryf
Haue mercy on thy fayre flesshe
And on thy shyn that is so nysse
To ihesu cryste she called than
That diede for loue of man
And of a virgyn was I borne
For mankynd shuld not be sorne
Thies paynes that I do suffere & swynke
Be fulle swete to me as me thynke
All the paynes that I here dryue

A Fragment about
St. Margaret.



Bene swete to me than any thynge a lyve
Dilibrus sayde to hys sargiantis tho
She geuyt the nothynge of al thys wo
For al thies paynes that dorthe hys greue
She wy not on oure goddesse beleue
He bad hys sargiantis euerychone
That they shuld turment hys anon
The sargiantis dyd as he thē bad
Ful lytyl mercy on hys they hadde
Nytthe theire napes they gan hys draw
As houndes had hys to gnaw
And hys eyne that were so bryght
They putte oute and makyd hys sight
They dyd hys myche payne and wo
They rent hys shyp the flesshe fro
Many of the pepell that was there
In the hartes were ful sorow
And seyde to hys stondinge there
How they se hys sorow to tere
And seyde fayre mayden margarete
That is so fayre and so swete
Turne to hym and be hys wyf
And no more sorow. mystryf
Margaret for hys sake
And so doth she to day



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